Wm. L. Garrison

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Miss Caroline Thayer,

80 Clifford Street,

Roxbury,

Mass.

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Westmoreland House,
New York, Dec. 28, 1877.

My Dear Friend:

Frank has apprised me of your pleasant Christmas remembrance of me, in the shape of a sea-shell, on which is painted a tailless dog, with the query—

"I wonder if this blue glass light
Will make my poor old tail unite."

The re-union is, doubtless, beyond reasonable hope, the cur-tailment being too "pronounced" to admit of a remedy, even with the additional aid of "Spalding's glue." The latter end of the poor animal is not less paradoxical than grievous; for, in this case, it is not possible for the dog to "waggle the tail," nor for the tail to "waggle the dog!" Under such aggravating circumstances, it is creditable to his docility and forbearance that he is

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not disposed to bite any one. I am sure, therefore, that we shall get along very amicably together. I am fond of dogs just in proportion to their incapacity to bark or bite.

Your poetical lines, sympathetically expressing the hope that I will make light (i.e. blue light) of the "poor dog's" condition, touch a responsive chord in my breast. I will not fail to do so.

As for the sea-shell, every time I put it to my ear I shall imagine you to be whispering, "A Merry Christmas!"

Now let me reciprocate by earnestly wishing you and your beloved sister, Mrs. Nichols, "A Happy New Year"; yea, from the beginning to the end thereof, may it indeed prove the happiest you have yet known.

I am spending a few days here delightfully with Fanny and her darling children.

Ever your attached friend,

Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

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